

# THE WAR CRY



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## PENTECOST.

### Then and Now.

Why PENTECOST? What was Pente-  
cost? Pente-cost was nothing; abso-  
lutely nothing but a name. It was a  
particular day, like other days, which  
came in the ordinary course of things;  
a certain day—the fiftieth—after the  
passover;—that is all. There had been  
a Pentecost every generation since Moses  
died, and there has been a Pentecost  
ever since, and will be while the Jews  
continue on the earth. There is no more  
in it than, say, keeping up the anni-  
versary of Thanksgiving Day in the Domi-  
nion. It was simply an anniversary.

But it is, why comes it that Pentecost  
turned the whole tide of the fortunes of  
the world? Why? That is the question.  
Not because there was a day of Pente-  
cost at all, but because of something that  
happened on the day of Pentecost. It  
was a convenient day, the auspicious  
season chosen of God and chosen of  
man, when the time was ripe for a won-  
derful display of Almighty power, and  
when the promise of the Father could  
with propriety and safety be fulfilled.  
It was the right moment. The value of  
that particular Pentecost consisted in

Savior's prediction and the Father's  
promise—took its name from the day on  
which it happened. And henceforth the  
event, to believers, more than the particu-  
lar day and date of the anniversary,  
became known throughout the world as  
Pentecost.

Let us consider. Pentecost means  
fire! It was FIRE that fell from heaven  
that memorable day; not to consume  
the people in wrath—the unbelievers,  
and idolaters, and whoremongers—as of  
old, but to inflame the men and women  
that waited there with a burning zeal  
and passion for the souls of men. To  
give them hearts that know no fear, and  
make them ready to wage wholesale war  
with the iniquities and impurities of  
the world and the enemies of the Cross. And  
they went forth and did it: literally  
made monarchs bend, and subdued  
kingdoms; without the power of any  
weapon but the sword that pierceth the  
soul in sin and divideth the spirit  
from the marrow. Miracles of wonder  
and glory! They set the world on fire.  
And believe it, as we go up to Mon-  
treal and thence to our new spheres, the  
same thing is our heritage, and the same  
thing can happen to us each and all.  
Pentecost! Fire!! A fire that burns  
unquenchable within; stronger even  
than the fire that burns up the wicked  
in hell. FIRE!! The mightiest emblem

Pentecost is fully come if you have heart  
enough to believe it. You must do  
something more than continually ask  
yourself—Have I the Fire! That will  
leave you where you are, cold, careless,  
hard. You must **DO** it. FIRE!  
Are you prepared to wait, and strive,  
and wrestle mightily unto you prevail?

heavenly glow of sunshine and love that  
thrill through the hearts of all, and an  
irresistible attraction to the sinners  
which makes them come and listen and  
yield almost whether they will or no.  
That is what we call a revival, and it is  
a revival we want, a revival of Fire and  
power and glory and salvation.



## Modern Pentecost.



the preparedness and expectancy of the  
people that lifted up their hearts and  
bade in the upper room and waited for  
the manifestation of the Spirit from on  
high. So that the event, which is all we  
care about—the pouring out of the Spirit  
from on high, the mighty baptism of the  
Holy Ghost, the fulfilment of the

of the mightiest force in the universe.  
The strongest emblem of the Godhead  
Himself! A consuming Fire. FIRE!!  
Burning up all before it! Sweeping resolu-  
tely on over every obstacle and encir-  
cling the whole land in one grand and  
glorious bath of salvation.  
Begin with yourself. The day of

Make no mistake. That particular day  
when the Holy Ghost was given had a  
good deal to do with the praying and  
believing of the Apostles; or rather the  
praying and believing had a good deal  
to do with the day. It might have been  
another day—the next day or the day  
after; but THAT day they prevailed, and  
the heavens were opened, and the Spirit  
descended as with tongues of fire and  
sat upon them all. That was very  
wonderful. Amen. Praise God! Hal-  
lelujah! Glory be to God for ever!

Are you ready to do likewise—to wait,  
and watch, and pray, and persevere, and  
open your heart wide to believe? Until  
the Spirit descend upon you, and like  
the apostles you become a flame of fire  
yourself!  
Oh, we must have fire in this Dominion.  
Look around until your heart groans at  
the denseness and darkness; until your  
heart compasses the need, and endued  
with the power from on high you throw  
yourself at the very forefront of the  
attack and see the promise of the Lord  
fulfilled—become a mighty man of valor,  
"terrible as an Army with banners."  
We want to see corps after corps set  
on alight until the whole Dominion, from  
end to end is all aflame. Oh, for the  
Fire to fall from heaven! It is  
wonderful when people's hearts catch  
fire what a change is made. There is no  
longer complaining and pining and  
quarrelling; no longer that sad, long-  
faced look which is enough to drive the  
sinner utterly away. But instead, there  
is joyous liberty and comradeship and a

Everything points to the present as  
being the very best time to look for such  
a result. It is the auspicious moment  
in our history when every soldier, if he  
will, may rise up and make his influence  
felt for good.

Now comrades, are you in for it! You  
need not wait for fifty days, or five days,  
you can begin right away. This is the  
day of Pentecost. To-day if you will  
hear his voice you shall hear wonderful  
tidings of good. You will be made a  
new man all over, full of faith and the  
Holy Ghost, and will count one in the  
coming revolution.  
The thing is to get sinners on your  
heart, and there is very little doubt  
that you will do so if you come in con-  
tact with the Fire of heaven. It was  
the upper room business at Jerusalem  
that made the Apostles, and when they  
went out they left the old things behind  
and went in for something on a big  
scale. It didn't need any coaxing on  
the part of Peter to get the 3,000  
sinners converted. They were simply  
slain—slain—by the mighty power of  
God. Hell fire is a great power still,  
and sinners, when their eyes are opened,  
are not too eager to get there. It is  
the opening of the eyes that is the  
difficult thing to be done, but that is the  
very thing the Holy Ghost contracts to  
do. Then when their eyes are opened  
there is hope of dealing with better  
things, and you have a chance with  
their poor souls.  
Forward to the conquest—soldiers  
officers, comrades, one and all.



## THE REGIMENTAL COLORS AND THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

re Meetings and Better Quality—How to "Get There"—  
Method of Catching and Keeping Horses—Giving One-Tenth  
to the Lord, and Many Other interesting Undertakings,  
all of which are Quite no Use Without  
GOD

BY THE COMMANDANT

### [An Abandoned Fort to be Reopened]

Hand-drawn map of the Springfield area, showing locations of the 1st and 2nd Brigades under Sgt. Major Griffin. The map includes labels for Petterson Bank, A. Co. foot, B. Co. foot, D. Co. foot, and Springfield. It also includes handwritten notes about the locations of the 1st and 2nd Brigades and the location of the 1st and 2nd Brigades.

- 1st Brigade under Sgt. Major Griffin**
  - Disappears. Here a brother plays a drum.
- Petterson Bank**
- A. Co. foot**
- B. Co. foot**
  - Here a Salvation farmer will ride his horse for Jesus.
- D. Co. foot**
- SPRINGFIELD**
- 2nd Brigade under Sgt. Major Griffin**
  - Lost a brother May, a Bohemian. The officers quarrel, we know.

NORTON'S GREEN.  
 (C) No 4 Brigade under Brig Major Mave on.  
 Here a brother blew a trombone.

The plan represents a Circle Corps with five Brigades and five Outposts. Two Field Officers, five Brig. Sergeants-Majors. Regular Soldiers at the Brigades, Auxiliaries at the Outposts. Two Salv. Heroes for special engagements. A first Band of five instruments and five drum. A band and rig for use of Officers. Assuming there are only twelve Soldiers in each Brigade, that will make sixty for the Corps. Six Juniors only in each will equal thirty Juniors. There will be indoor and four outdoor meetings per week in each Brigade. That equals thirty meetings per week for the Corps in addition to numerous engagements at the outposts.

One OTHER item of interest before coming to the mode of procedure. The Circle

Corps will have its flag. They will be of two kinds. The colors of the whole corps will be kept by the Can-

tain at his quarters and used only on special occasions. But each brigade will be given its own flag in addition. With the onedifference of size and shape, they will be the same as those at present in use. The blue border, red body, and fiery star will in both cases be alike. The flags of the brigades will be used in connection with all ordinary brigade warfare, and will be in charge of the local Sergeant-Major.

**The Local Officer at Work.**

Now for the plan of battle. We have our adversaries with their forts, both regular and irregular. How do we propose to utilize them? How shall we mount our guns and distribute the labor of our gunners? We begin with the local officer at the regular forts. As already asserted he will conduct certain meetings in his village. In the absence of a Captain or

WAR CRY.

**The Harvest Festival will Help.**  
Our Harvest Festival scheme, too, will help us here. There has been, heretofore, no purpose in begging for oats, beans, straw, or hay. Had we asked for them, the law of ask and receive would have held good as regard the oats, just as it has with regard to the potatoes. There is an excel-

best idea too, which has floated in the minds of many officers and soldiers. It has been preached pretty loudly by some who are no longer of us. They say that a tenth of all a man possesses should be given to the Lord. I see nothing against such a proposal, always provided the giver doesn't take a tenth more from the Lord than he ought, in order to do it. A policy of taking

more from the Lord's exchequer than one requires, in order to do the generous, is open to serious question. But why should not farmers and tradesmen be asked and expected to devote a tenth of their produce to the feed of the Lord's shepherds, and the Lord's cattle. I see no reason, either, why the plan should be confined to farmers and storekeepers. Let the harness maker give

one set of harness in every ten he manufactures, for the Lord's horses, and let the blacksmith put aside every tenth shoe he forges, to equip the steeds for God's battles. Let all concerned provide in their stables a clean stall, with a comfortable shake-down, at least every tenth night, for the housing of the patient animals which are thereafter to bear the messengers of peace, and, upon the full moon, which is to be

upon the basis of which is to be inscribed "Holliness unto the Lord." In fact, the plan is most excellent, if it is only most practical. But alas, for the ugly gap so often between a plan and practice.

### The Big Goes of the Circle Corps.

Here, there is opportunity for endless change. The skilful officer will have varied

opportunities of doing a new thing, and keeping up the process. Banquets in the various brigades; meetings of prayer and praise; red-hot soul-saving campaigns; concentration of forces at different points; anniversary meetings, and simultaneous bombardments of the villages. Then there were the central anniversary meetings, and the Circle Corps camp meetings, which we

There could be made a brilliant success out of an annual undertaking. Imagine the scenes faintly depicted by the sketch accompanying the article, when the roads ring with the tramp and song of Salvationists marching to one common centre on some public holiday, there to encourage one another, and claim new baptisms of His spirit. The prospect is transporting, but

**All No Good Without God.**

Let it be distinctly and forever understood, that while we don't minimise the importance of all that sanctified wit can devise for the extension of God's king-

dom, all is worse than useless when not surrounded by God the Holy Ghost. It was God who made the Salvation Army. Its organization and regulation has in nearly every case followed after and not gone before its God-given life. The clothes are all very well when the man who wears them is alive, otherwise they are at best but a shroud. The evil at the root of half our

mentality lies not in the lack of opportunity, but in the indifference, the heartlessness with which many a Salvationist goes through a meeting, or undertakes a new thing for God. How many multitudes are in our midst whose early zeal is gone, and



Open Air on a Village Common.

These hours are now filled up for the most part with cold criticism and idle gossip !  
What we want is a revival ; a bursting in upon us of the light, and liberty, and glory and unquenchableness of FIRE.  
Now, let it come ! LET IT COME ! IT SHALL !!







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## SALVATION SONGS.

## Bound for the Better Land.

BY NABEL MOFF, GUELPH.

TUNE—Over Jordan.

We are out upon the deep,  
Soiling in the Gospel ship,  
And our loved ones we shall meet,  
Hallelujah !  
There our sorrows will be o'er,  
And His name we will adore  
On that happy golden shore,  
Hallelujah !

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah !  
We are bound for Canaan's shore,  
Where the faithful part no more ;  
Hallelujah, hallelujah !  
We are bound for Canaan's shore,  
Hallelujah !

We'll be robed in spotless white,  
And we'll wear bright crowns of light,  
Then we'll sing with all our might,  
Hallelujah !  
We shall play on harps of gold  
When our Saviour we behold,  
Then our joy will be untold,  
Hallelujah !

Now, poor sinner, come along,  
Come with us and join our throng,  
For the journey won't be long,  
Hallelujah !

Come, and He will make you whole,  
He will heal your sin-sick soul,  
You'll be happy evermore,  
Hallelujah !

## The Vildest May Come.

BY EMILY MORSE, CANADA.

TUNE—A stranger to God.

How loving was Jesus to die on the tree,  
To purchase salvation for you and for me ;  
He died there to save us from going to hell,  
And those who will serve Him in heaven shall dwell.

CHORUS.

The name of this Friend would you know ?  
The name of this Friend I love so !  
It is Jesus—blessed name,  
That's kindled a flame  
Of love in my heart at the sound.

O, come, sinner, come, and no longer  
delay ;  
There's room at the Cross, there is mercy  
today ;  
Delaying is dangerous, time swiftly doth  
fly,  
Then come to the Saviour, for soon you  
must die.

You need not despair, for the cross may  
come,  
Though far sunk in sin, at the Cross still  
there's room ;  
Oh, do not let Satan delude you to stay,  
In the world, for his pleasure so soon pass  
away.

## I Know!

BY HARRY A. BROWN, SAN DIEGO,  
CALIFORNIA.

TUNE—The Cross now calls my sins.

Some people have said it's presumption  
To say that I know I am right,  
But I know the witness is present,  
And walk now by faith, not by sight.

CHORUS.

The Cross now calls my sins,  
The past is under the blood,  
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,  
My will is the will of my God.

I know all my sins are forgiven,  
Though once they as mountains did rise ;  
I know that my faith leads to heaven,  
That country so fair in the skies.

I know there's a mansion in glory  
For all who are true to their God,  
I know there's a crown over yonder  
For all who shall conquer by blood.

I know there are loved ones with Jesus  
Who are waiting just over the way,  
I know if I, too, am but faithful  
I'll meet them again some glad day.

For God in His own Word has told me—  
" I write to you that ye may know ;"  
So, glory, I'm guessing no longer,  
Now hoping, but know it is so.

PRISON GATE HOME  
ANNIVERSARY.

## The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

While VISIT

KINGSTON,

On Monday, April 17th.

The Commandant will give an Address on "The Salvation Army in  
Relation to the Social Problems."

MRS BOOTH WILL SPEAK AND SING.

## The Blood of Jesus.

BY EMILY MORSE, CANADA.

TUNE—Hail on dark dream.

The blood of Jesus is a source  
Where fear, and shame, and sin's remorse  
Are swept away, and not a stain  
Where flows the blood can ever remain.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood,  
It saves from guilt and sin ;  
Oh, brother, bow, and in its cleansing tide  
step in.

The blood of Jesus is a power  
In which I trust in darkest hour ;  
No doubt, defeat, or care I know,  
While to the cleansing font I go.

The blood of Jesus is my plea,  
I know, I feel, 'twas shed for me ;  
Salvation, holiness and heaven,  
By blood Divine, to me are given.

The blood of Jesus I'll proclaim,  
And by the might of Jesus' name  
Sinners shall yield, and Satan see  
Through Jesus blood I've victory.

## Fight Forever.

BY F. M. BOW.

TUNE—Christus rex in ther.

We delight to fight the devil,  
And to put down all that's evil ;  
With our King to stand beside us,  
We need never fear.  
Now then, valiant leaders go on forward,  
Do not have the standard lowered ;  
Throw aside all that hinders,  
Fight the enemy.

CHORUS.

Now then, all together,  
Let us fight forever ;  
Till all shall yield  
That's on the field  
Of self and sinful passion ;  
Our God shall reign,  
And we shall gain  
The favor of our King and Maker ;  
We will fight, we're sure to conquer,  
Conquer through the blood.

The Lord of Hosts will lead us forward,  
If we'll only but remain on guard ;  
Let us all now be courageous  
And fight against the wrong.  
We are fighting for the Saviour,  
Do not seek to have men's favor,  
We will fight till our Commander  
is brought home to God.

## Redeemed by the Blood.

TUNE—Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!

My soul I know has been redeemed,  
By Jesus precious blood ;  
And all who will may come and be  
Washed in the crimson flood.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,  
The Lamb on Calvary ;  
The Lamb that was slain, but liveth  
again,  
To intercede for me.

For I the chief of sinners was,  
Till Jesus made my soul,  
And now I praise Him all day long,  
Because He makes me whole.

So now to you who are in sin,  
A word of warning take ;  
Give up your sin and turn to God,  
Before it is too late.

And Jesus says, a contrite heart  
Will not seek in vain,  
For pardon at the Saviour's feet,  
Oh, bless His holy name.

## My Chief Companion.

BY ETHEL WHITEHEAD.

TUNE—The Symphonizing Jesus.

My chief companion would you know,  
The Jesus, precious Jesus,  
He's always with me here below,  
In Jesus, precious Jesus.

CHORUS.

Dearest far than all beside,  
Jesus, my Companion, Guide,  
Loving Friend, so true, so tried,  
Jesus, precious Jesus.

Let other rock companions here,  
I'm satisfied with Jesus,  
No other friend to me so dear,  
As Jesus, precious Jesus.

Companions oft do lead astray,  
But not my precious Jesus,  
He keeps me spotless day by day,  
My Jesus, precious Jesus.

In joy or sorrow He's the same,  
My Jesus, precious Jesus,  
My comfort, cheers me, bless His Name,  
The precious Name of Jesus.

Dear sinner, won't you love Him too ?  
My Jesus, precious Jesus,  
He suffered, bled, and died for you,  
Oh, won't you love my Jesus?

## MORE "WAR CRYS"

WANTED !

A Piteous Appeal on Behalf of  
the Prisons and Hospitals.

One gentleman has offered to pay a  
dollar a week for this purpose, but we want  
to supply hundreds of Crys every week.  
The prisoners and patients are pleading for  
them. Will you let them plead in vain ?  
Read this letter from a sister in the League  
of Mercy.

" In visiting the General Hospital from  
week to week, and distributing the War  
Cry from bed to bed, I could not help but  
feel how much these dear people love to  
get hold of a paper that they know while  
reading it, that every word of it is true.

Oh, if you dear friends who are in health  
and strength, could only see how much our  
WAR CRY is loved and looked for, hands  
stretched out saying, " Give me one ; give  
me one ! " your hearts would be touched,  
and you would help us with your prayers  
that God will open up the way to supply  
the means to pay for them.

We give from eighty to one hundred a  
week.

It has become a perfect delight to us to  
carry the War Cry to all denominations. Jesus  
has, we believe, opened up this way for us  
to cheer the hearts of those poor people who  
have laid—some of them—for months, and  
the lonely hours with all the care they get  
this one way, God has provided not only to  
cheer but to carry salvation.

My prayer is many hearts may through  
His Divine Spirit be changed from dark-  
ness to light."

Contributions should be sent to Mrs.  
North at the Temple, Allin Street, Toronto.

## PANEGRICIS!

Who Wouldn't Have an Easter  
Cry?

OWEN SOUND, March 27th, 1903.

STAFF-CAPT. FRIEDRICH.—Dear Staff, your  
Easter Cry and supplement came to hand on  
Saturday morning, and I think the Cry is  
just beautiful. I got the picture framed and  
hung it in the barracks Saturday night and  
Sunday, and the people think it is just grand.  
Some of them said they would like to have  
you send me fifty extra copies ; that I, I  
ordered 100, so the fifty extra will make 150  
altogether. Best regards right away. Yours  
faithfully,

Capt. Wm. RICHARDS.

REVELL, March 27th.

We sent our order for 100 Easter W. C.  
but seeing the supplement is as the W. C.  
bill says, such a beauty, please send 150.

ORILLIA.

The Easter Cry.

If I am not late in ordering, you may  
send me a hundred. Since you sent me  
sample, I'm encouraged to increase order, as  
it seems to me the thing ought almost to be  
sent to every soldier. James Fyman.

St. Thomas, March 27th, 1903.

TO THE TRADE SECRETARY.—I order 100 copies of  
the Easter Cry. I want fifty thirty or fifty  
copies more. I will do my best. I am delighted  
with them. May God bless you. Yours in  
Jesus,

B. MANS.

PENTON, March 27, '03.

DEAR COMMANDANT.—If as all possible  
please send me ten extra Easter Crys, thus  
making my total order fifty instead of forty.  
People are fairly delighted with the specimen  
copy.

CAPT. JOE PARKER.

TO STAFF-CAPT. FRIEDRICH.—Your sample  
Easter War Cry to hand. I think it passes  
all W. C. ever sent before. I will do my best  
to sell ten more than this set, making a  
total of twenty-five. As you can't send me  
ten extra, tell me, as I have five extra orders  
already, so I won't disappoint anyone, and  
oblige, yours in the way.

LIEUT. H. STEVENS.

BLOOMFIELD, March 27, '03.

DEAR TRADE SECRETARY.—Please send me  
twenty-five Easter Crys. I will do my all ;  
they are beautiful, and will sell well.  
Yours truly,

CAPT. JOHNSON.

DEBARTON, March 27, '03.

DEAR EDITOR.—I really must send you a  
few lines to congratulate you on the Easter  
Cry. It's a beauty. I really was pretty  
doubtful if you could beat the Xmas Cry, but  
you've done it. It is a long way ahead of  
that number. Yours faithfully,

LIEUT. HENRY F. TOWNE.

MORRISBURGH, 27-3-03.

STAFF-CAPT. FRIEDRICH, TRADE DEPART-  
MENT, TORONTO.—We are straight now until  
the Easter Cry comes. I received a copy and  
showed it to the soldiers, and they think it's  
a real beauty. It's the best I ever saw ; it is  
indeed an Easter Cry. We would like to get  
ten more copies, or twenty, if you have them  
to spare. Yours, etc.,

CAPT. WOODLEY.

AUBURN, March 26th, 1903.

DEAR STAFF.—Please send me five more  
Easter Crys without fail, that will make a  
total of forty ; they are taking well, the best  
I have seen. God bless you.

Capt. James McHARG.